

## Ladies' Department

During business hours a Ladies' room has been opened for our clients and we cordially invite them to make use of the facilities provided, such as desks, writing material, telephone, etc.

This room we trust will be used by ladies visiting the city on business or pleasure as a place where they may rest, or meet their acquaintances and transact business of various kinds. We will endeavor to assist them in any way should they so desire it.

## Bishop Trust Co.,

LIMITED

## Reduction Sale

Starting April 2nd,  
For Two Weeks Only

CORSET COVERS	15c. to 75c. Apiece
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" " " MEN'S SHIRTS	25c. Apiece
" " " VAL. LACE	12 Yards for 25c.
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WILL FIND USE FOR AN

## ELECTRIC IRON

EACH ONE CAN USE IT IN HIS OR HER OWN ROOM, FOR IT CAN BE ATTACHED TO ANY LAMP SOCKET.

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# NICELLE

This oil is made from absolutely sound, perfect olives, and is pure and unadulterated.

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## The Riverman

By STEWART  
EDWARD WHITE

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(To Be Continued)

"I wouldn't," he advised. "You may remember the member from Lapeer county in that charter fight and the \$500 for his vote. Try it on and see how much evidence I can bring up. It's called bribery in this state and means penitentiary usually."

"You don't take a joke," complained Heinzman.

Newmark arose.

"It's understood, then?" he asked.

"How so? I know you play fair?" asked the German.

"You don't. It's a case where we have to depend more or less on each other. But I don't see what you stand to lose, and anyway you'll get carried over those July payments," Newmark reminded him.

Heinzman was plainly uneasy.

"If you reduce the firm's profits he is going to suspect," he admonished.

"Who said anything about reducing the firm's profits?" said Newmark impatiently.

"If it does work out that way we'll win a big thing. If it does not we'll lose nothing."

He nodded to Heinzman and left the office. As he entered the office of his own firm his eye fell on Orde's bulky form. He paused involuntarily, and a slight shiver shook his frame—the dainty, instinctive repulsion of a cat for a large, robustous dog. Controlling himself, he stepped forward.

"I've made the loan," he announced.

"The banks wouldn't touch northern peninsula, so I had to go to private individuals."

"Don't care who lends it out," laughed Orde.

"Thayer backed out, so finally I got the whole amount from Heinzman," Newmark announced.

"I didn't know he was friendly enough to lend us money."

"Business is business," replied Newmark.

From the moment Orde completed the secret purchase of the California timberlands from Trace he became an unwilling participant in one of the strangest duels known to business history. Newmark opposed to him all the subtleties, all the ruses and expedients to which his position lent itself. Orde, sublimely unconscious, deployed the magnificent resources of strength, energy, organization and combative spirit that animated his pioneer's soul.

Newmark worked under this disadvantage: He had carefully to avoid the slightest appearance of an attitude hostile to the firm's very best prosperity. If the smallest incident should bring clearly before Orde that Newmark might have an interest in reducing profits he would know the logic of the latter's devious ways. For this reason Newmark did not dare make bad sales, awkward transactions. The profits of the first year were not quite up to the usual standard, but they sufficed. Newmark's fitness cut in two the firm's income of the second year. Orde knew it.

Carroll drove straight ahead until Prince stood at the top of the plank road that led down to the bathhouses. Here he pulled up.

Carroll saw the lake, slate blue and angry, with white-capped billows to the limit of vision. Along the shore were rows and rows of breakers, leaping, brawling and gathering again. These did not look to be very large until she noticed the twin piers reaching out from the river's mouth. Each billow as it came in rose suddenly above them, leaped tempestuously to overwhelm the entire structure of their ends and rippled inshore along their lengths, the crest submerging as it ran every foot of the massive structures.

"Look there—out further!" pointed Ming.

The end of the fourth year found Newmark puzzled. Orde had paid regularly the interest on his notes. How much he had been able to save toward the redemption of the notes themselves his partner was unable to decide.

What Orde regarded as petty annoyances had made the problem of paying for the California timber a matter of great difficulty. A pressure whose points of support he could not place was closing on him. Against this pressure he exerted himself. The margin of safety was not as broad as he had reckoned. But in any case if worse came to worst, he could always mortgage the California timber for enough to make up the difference, and more. Against this expedient, however, he opposed a sentimental obstinacy. It was Bobby's, and he objected to inumbering it.

Afairs stood thus in the autumn before the year the notes would come due. Navigation remained open late November. No severe storms had swept the lakes. The barge and her two towboats had made one more trip than had been thought possible.

The weather continued so mild that Orde decided that they take on a load for Jones & Mabley of Chicago.

"Did intend to ship by rail," said he. "They're all 'uppers,' so it would pay all right. But we can save all kinds of money by water, and they ought to skip over there in twelve to fifteen hours."

Orde departed for the woods to start the cutting as soon as the first belated snow should fall.

To Newmark, sitting at his desk after Orde's departure, reported Captain Floyd of the steam barge North Star.

"All loaded by noon, sir," he said.

Newmark looked up in surprise.

"Well, why do you tell me?" he inquired.

"I want your orders."

"My orders? Why?"

"This is a bad time of year," explained Captain Floyd, "and the storm signs up. All the signs are right for a blow."

Newmark whirled in his chair.

"Are you afraid?" he sneered.

Captain Floyd's countenance burned a dark red.

"I only want your orders," was all he said. "I thought we might wait to see."

"Then go," snapped Newmark. "You heard Mr. Orde's orders to sail as soon as you were loaded."

Captain Floyd went out.

Newmark arose and looked out of the window. From the government's flagpole he caught the flash of red from the lazily floating signal. It was little weatherwise, and he shook his head skeptically. Nevertheless, it was a chance, and he took it, as he had taken a great many others.

"But surely they will never get a line over with the moriat," said Carroll.

"That last shot fell so far short."

"They know it. They've shot a dozen times."

At this moment from the river a trail of black smoke became visible over the point of land that ran down to the pier. A smokescreen dashed into view, slowed down and came to rest well inside the river channel. There it rose and fell on the swell. The crowd uttered a cheer.

"Come and see what's up," suggested Carroll.

"I blushed Prince to a log and led the way to the pier."

The sprite was lying, face under the pier. Harvey, the negro engineer, leaned against the till of his little square boat, smoking his pipe.

"I wouldn't go out there for a million dollars!" cried a man excitedly. "Nothing on earth could live in that sea."

"What are they going to do?" asked Carroll.

" Haven't you heard?" cried his father. "This is one of Orde's traps, and they're going to try to get a line to them togs."

Orde turned sharply and brushed toward the tug, followed by Carroll and Marsh. At the edge of the pier was the tug's captain, Marsh, listening to earnest expostulation by a half dozen of the leading men of the town, among whom were both Newmark and Orde.

"Gentlemen," said he crisply, "I'm entirely willing to take all personal risk. The thing is hazardous, and it's Mr. Orde's trap. It's for him to say whether he wants to risk her."

"Good Lord, man, what's the tug in a case like this?" cried Orde.

"I thought so," replied Captain Carroll.

"I'll take her out if I can get a crew."

The engineer hoisted his long figure through the doorway.

"Harvey," said Captain Marsh briskly, "we're going to try to get a line around those vessels. It's dangerous, will you go?"

"You all goin', suh?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I reckon I'll done half to go, too," said Harvey simply. He swam lightly back to the uneasy craft below him.

"I want a man with me at the wheel, two to handle the lines and one to fire for Harvey," said Captain Marsh.

"That's our job," announced the life saving captain.

"Well, come on then."

Captain Marsh shook the hand which Orde, stooping, offered him.

"I'll try to bring her back all right," said he.

"I'll be with the tug!" cried Orde.

Marsh entered the pilothouse.

"Cast off!" he cried. The "jangler" sailed for full speed ahead.

"Grave chapel! Grave chapel!" said Dr. McMullen to Carroll. "But, do you know, to my mind, the bravest of them all are that nigger and his friends halled down in the hold where they can't see nor know what's goin' on."

The tug had rounded the end of the pier. The first of her thousand curves, sweeping in from the open, had struck her fair.

"She can stand that, all right," said one of the life saving crew. "But wait till she drops down to the vessels."

The sprite was now so distant that from view save when she rose on the crest of some mighty billow.

"There, she's turned now!" cried Ming.

Beneath the trail of black smoke she had shifted direction. With startling swiftness the sprite darted out of the horizon into full view. For the first time the spectators realized the size and weight of the seas. One moment the whole of her deck was shown high as the back suction caught her and dragged her into the hollow. A sea rose behind. Nothing of the tug was to be seen. It seemed that no power could prevent her being overwhelmed. Yet somehow always she sprang out of the gut until she was again cast forward like a chip.

"They ain't catchin' p'ricle from that wheel to hold her from."

The sprite rushed at the outer line of breakers. The counters crested and rolled with a roar, just as in milder weather the surf breaks on the beach. A woman in the crowd screamed. But at the edge of destruction the sprite came to a shuddering stop. Her powerful propellers had been set to the reverse. Thus she hovered on the edge of the breakers, awaiting her chance. If one of the waves should happen to crest and break, the water, catching the tug on her flat stern deck, would undoubtedly bury her. The situation was awful in its extreme simplicity. Would Captain Marsh see his opportunity before the law of chance would bring along the wave that would overwhelm him?

Two or three of the townsmen walked up and down. One woman prayed aloud in short hysterical sentences.

"O God, save them! O Lord, o Lord!"

Orde stood on top of a half buried log, his entire being concentrated on the maneuver being executed. Only Newmark apparently remained as calm as ever.

Suddenly, without warning, occurred one of those inexplicable bolts that interpose often amid the widest upsets. Between two waves the sprite dashed forward directly for the nest of the breakers.

"To Be Continued Next Week."

## WANTS

### ONE CENT A WORD

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Stenographer — Permanent position.

Beginner with thorough knowledge of shorthand and typewriting might be accepted. Addressing qualifications and salary expected. "503," Bulletin office. 4589-1f

An all-round printer or compositor wanted for a small, beginning printing office. State lowest possible salary, and address "Print et," Bulletin office. 4593-1f

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By married couple (no children), furnished cottage; not over \$25.

Address "H.," Bulletin office. 4570-1f

Three or four-room cottage; rent reasonable. Address "K. C. H.," Bulletin. 4572-1f

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Young man wants clerical or book-keeping position. First-class references. Address "A," Bulletin office. 4510-1f

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